

# FIRST REGATTA

OF THE

National College

Rowing Association,

AT

INGLESIDE, NEAR SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,

JULY 21, 1871.

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AMHERST :

HENRY M. McCLOUD, PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.

1872.



# THE REGATTA AT INGLESIDE.

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A GOOD DAY AND A SMOOTH  
COURSE.

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Immense Crowd, Great Enthusiasm and Splendid Races.

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HARVARD CREW DEFEATED IN THE UNIVERSITY RACE.

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THE "FARMER'S COLLEGE" BOYS VICTORIOUS!

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*SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE BOSTON JOURNAL.*

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SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 21, 1871.

A BLEST AND MEMORABLE DAY.

In the first place the river was really gay to-day. Dull in many aspects as the Ingleside regatta has been, Friday, the unlucky day of the calendar, has certainly been blest and memorable.



## IMMENSE ATTENDANCE AND GREAT EXCITEMENT.

The excitement has been at white heat, and poison ivy has been disregarded by the thousands who thronged the banks. Springfield seemed to have reserved itself for the College Regatta, and three thousand persons passed over the Chicopee toll-bridge alone.

## ALL SERENE.

The winds had gone to sleep. The water was as smooth as a crystal mirror, and great fretted rifts of sunshine played gloriously on the shaggy sides of the far-off mountains.

## POPULARITY OF THE MAGENTA.

Harvard's friends were more numerous and vociferous than on any preceding day. The magenta ribbon, with the ornamental text, was everywhere visible.

## THE BROWNS.

A tremendous delegation of Browns arrived in omnibuses early in the forenoon, and the afternoon trains brought up scores of exuberant youth clad in the sombre color of Providence's pet institution.

## WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS ON HAND.

An excursion train from Springfield landed several hundred Western Massachusettters at each end of the course. Toward two o'clock long lines were stretched at every available point.

## HARVARD AGAINST THE FIELD.

Harvard was fully backed against the field in the University race, and Brown was third in the pools.

## AMHERST'S SONS CONFIDENT.

The Amherst Agricultural students, fresh from the hills, stalked serenely amid the throng, confident, as they said, of victory for their men in the 'Versity race.

## COMPLIMENTARY TO SPRINGFIELD.

The gentlemen of the Springfield Club busied themselves with preparations for the general comfort, and justified the reputation they have already won for enterprise. They have done more than



any others to promote the interests of the regatta. Besides offering novel and elegant presents, they have been untiring in their zeal to work up this mediocre course into one worthy of public attention. They have swallowed their mortification at the slight put upon Springfield by the neglect of that beautiful section of the river which runs through their thriving little city.

### A CONTRAST.

The burghers of Worcester were wont to bestow gold and silver medals upon the victorious in the contests upon Lake Quinsigamond. The Springfield Club has conceived the idea of presenting cups to the winners this year. The value of the elegant silver Grecian boats, ornate with cherubs fiercely rowing diminutive craft with liliputian oars, presented to the triumphing Amherst Agricultural, is \$500. The two flags taken by this same fortunate crew—one a United States ensign and the other of blue silk, a regatta standard—are extremely elegant.

### THE UNIVERSITY RACE.

Made doubly interesting by the presence of the presumably presumptuous Amherst Agricultural crew and the previous defeat of the Harvards on Wednesday, was the great surprise of the day, and was at its finish so directly opposite to the preconceived opinions concerning it that the day closed amid intense excitement. The University crews feared each other, it is said, but neither had the remotest idea that the swart boys from Amherst hills were redoubtable.

### THE POOL SELLING.

In the pool selling last night, Harvard sold for fifteen, Brown for twelve and Amherst for little or nothing. Josh Ward was chaffed about his proteges, but wore a knowing smile and said they might perhaps come in second. The water was still undisturbed.

### THE SCENE BEFORE THE RACE.

Chicopee bridge looked at a distance as if a gigantic swarm of bees had settled upon it. A great wandering glory blaze, hesitated where to fall, but finally kissed the water, which gently rippled around the stake boat, and made a path of silver. Hints of sunset began to tinge the horizon.



The Irish boys near the judges at the lower stand, filled the pockets of the bystanders with sand, and hand-springed over each other. The Brown badge-wearers, sang and swore eternal fidelity to alma mater. The Harvard men had glistening eyes. They counted on two victories as sure this day. Meantime, Josh Ward, the invincible and taciturn, was putting his brown crew to water, in front of their scraggy boat-house, and was smiling quietly to himself. The crowds at Ingleside rushed backward and forward, spectacles of dread impatience. At seven o'clock the crews were assembled before the judges' boat at the upper end, waiting the word "Go!"

### THE JUDGES,

Selected for Harvard, were T. C. Parsons Jr., of Holyoke, and S. W. Rice of Reseburg, Oregon ; for Brown, A. F. Bowers of '71 and Arthur D. Paine of '72, both of Providence and the University ; for Amherst, or the "Ags" as they were affectionately termed, John Deady of New York, and J. L. Warner of Northampton. The referee was Mr. Jethro Baxter of the Union Boating Organization of Boston. The Browns won the best position, the Harvards came next, and the Amhersts third. The Brown crew were all stripped naked to the waist, and wore brown handkerchiefs. Four of the Harvards, as on Wednesday, stripped, and two clung to their shirts. The Amhersts, brown and brawny as Greek pirates, and somewhat fantastically clad in white sleeveless shirts and white trowsers, with Phrygian caps of the same material on their heads, sat motionless. Their week's training had been sadly broken into, and their development somewhat vitiated by the air of commencement studies, but they seemed confident that their rivals were predestined to defeat. Solid indeed to look at, here are their weights :

F. C. Eldred (stroke), 149 ; F. M. Somers, 152 ; G. H. Allen, 150 ; H. B. Simpson, 149 ; A. D. Norcross, 138 ; George Leonard (bow), 141. Average weight 148 ; aggregate weight 879.

These are no triflers, and they have no triflers to deal with. Next them sit the Harvards. They look neither to the right nor left. To "Get there" is their only aim.

### THE START.

And when the words of the starter end with "Go," at five minutes past seven exactly Harvard and Brown settle down to work with the consciousness that Amherst "Aggy's" are of no account, and the race tug lies between them, so the University crews cling



doggedly together. Fighting their rough way for the first half mile, they are side by side and revel in rapid strokes which make the whole stream surface around them seem of molten silver. Brown wakes up, the two Luthers pull, and their men strive nobly. They gain upon Harvard at every stroke, but there all the time is Josh Ward on the bank, smiling as he thinks of the coming victory.

Little "Reedy" sits in his boat throwing his forty-four and forty-five strokes every sixty seconds, but of no avail, for the Amherst men have made their first mile in three minutes, and with herculean strokes are whirling their light craft past the despairing University crews. Power is beating science. Men used to laugh at the Ward's stroke; but it was no use; they walked away from their competitors all the same. The "Aggys" do not always row handsomely, but they have a sweeping stroke which sends the boat forward faster than ever an icicle slid down an avalanche. As the crews round the first bend in the course, Amherst is two lengths ahead, and is increasing the lead with every stroke she takes. Harvard is now gaining on Brown and leaves her behind. It is a proud race, full of muscle and pluck and radical faults, but with the old Yankee vim which overcomes everything in it. At last, with the "Aggys" still leading, their cap peaks standing straight out in the breeze, they round the second prominent bend and come into view of the judges at the lower stake-boat. "Ah," says the Brown Judge despairingly, "it is the Harvards!" "Yes," says Rice, and cocks the revolver, which is to terminate the "time." But, no! It is the gay and sturdy Amherst crew pulling far ahead of the Harvards or Browns, and as they sweep down the level waters like a miniature whirlwind there is a grand

### HOWL OF JOY,

And the Amherst boys are dancing like dervishes in the sand, beating each other like maniacs, and hugging their badges. "A sorrowful day for Brown," says one of the judges, as greenbacks flutter in the breeze, changing hands.

### THE "AGGYS" WIN.

Nearer, nearer, and the storm of irrepressible cheers, for the *parvenu* Amhersts are clear far ahead, and have made the three miles in *seventeen minutes forty-seven and one-half seconds, the second*



*best time on record*, the nearest approach to the memorable contest between Yale and Harvard in 1865, and wonderfully better than 1869.

The "Farmers' College" has won the day, and has beaten even the Atalanta's time. Harvard follows and reaches the stake boat in eighteen minutes thirty and one-half seconds, and Brown in eighteen minutes and forty-nine and one-half seconds. The Harvards row to the shore and sit silent, while the victors receive the yells and plaudits of friends and the indiscriminate crowd. Then with their rude, strong, resistless stroke, they go back up stream.

### DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES—A GLORIOUS SUNSET.

What is the next move? Two events follow: The distribution of prizes at Ingleside and attendant festivities, and a sunset which glorifies stream and spectators, the victors and the vanquished, and finally dies away into tempered holiness of neutral. Thus the College Regatta, you see, has not been wholly uneventful.

E. K.

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[EDITORIAL FROM BOSTON JOURNAL.]

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE. It will be seen by our dispatches that in the College Regatta at Ingleside yesterday the Agricultural College crew came out ahead, beating both the Harvard crew, who were second, and the Brown University crew. Thus it is that the last shall be first, and those whose specialty it is to excel on the land shall triumph on the water. We congratulate the young Agriculturists. They have shown what pluck and good muscles, well trained, can do, even without the fostering stimulus of hereditary influences. Let them take it as an augury of the noble profession to which they have devoted themselves, where firm resolve and indefatigable effort will prove more than a match for whatever obstacles may be arrayed against them. Emerson said of himself that he was "a thinker with no past at his back." That is the attitude of the students of our Agricultural College; but then they have a splendid future before them. Let them go on and win, as they did yesterday.



[EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF NEW YORK TRIBUNE.]

### THE START AND THE RACE.

At 7:04 o'clock, "Are you ready?" is answered affirmatively, the crews receive the word, and while Amherst seems to catch the water first, both Harvard and Brown strike together, and away they go to decide the question of superiority. The Amherst men, who seem to have improved their ten days of Josh Ward, and understand his old catch at the start, display remarkable skill and speed at 47 strokes per minute; and, almost before the start is fully realized they dash ahead of both rivals, foot by foot, slowly but surely. The Harvards make a magnificent start, pulling at their usual rate, steadily and effectively, while Brown does not seem to be so cool, nor do their work so evenly and calmly as they might, though they gain a slight advantage on Harvard, which may be due in part to their having the outside position. Notwithstanding Amherst is outside, her crew, from whom so little was expected, are constantly forging ahead, and the real struggle is between the Harvards and Browns, the latter retaining their slight lead for about three-fourths of a mile.

In three or four minutes from the start the race is plainly visible from the heights at Ingleside, and when the crews are directly opposite, with Amherst still leading, and Harvard and Brown about even, excitement runs high, and the scene beggars description. Amherst men, who had collected here in large numbers, were well nigh frantic, and could not restrain their outbursts of enthusiasm. Wide maroon bands, striped with white, adorned their hats, which were tossed high in air, and they sent up such shouts as victorious soldiers in a forlorn hope do when the odds have been fearfully against them. They immediately become invested with a peculiar interest in the eyes of the general spectators, who soon catch their spirit of rejoicing, and, while the ladies show white clouds of handkerchiefs, staid old gentlemen, with gold-bowed spectacles and heavy canes, forget their rheumatism for the nonce, men in their prime wave their hats encouragingly, small boys dance in every direction, and long faces are only visible among disconsolate Harvard and Brown men. The betting takes a different phase, and not a few want to hedge, but find it impossible.

Meanwhile the crews pass rapidly over the smooth, placid surface



of the river. Amherst, it is apparent, must win, and it is likely to be a bad beat if she continues to gain at the same rate which has been kept up to the beginning of the third mile. The Harvard-Brown contest is very exciting, both the latter boats being together during nearly the whole of the second mile, neither appearing to have any perceptible advantage over the other. Then Reed shows what has evidently been his policy—to pull vigorously at first, but with a little reserve strength for the last mile; and Bass and his fellows pair out handsomely, and creep ahead inch by inch in spite of the manly efforts of the Luther Brothers, the Little Giant, and the rest of the gritty Browns. Amherst gained faster on the Harvards than the Magenta did on the Brown, Leonard having perfect command of his men, whose work must have made Josh Ward proud of his coaching. And so it continued, Amherst gaining on Harvard, and Harvard on Brown. All that is needed to make the race, perfect, as a struggle, being closer work between Amherst and Harvard. The spectators on Chicopee bridge have a splendid view of the race on the home stretch. A few Harvard and Brown men and many Amherst students are among them, or are collected with their respective judges on the beach opposite the stake-boat, which indicates the end of the three miles. When the boats are first seen everybody is anxious to know which has the lead. The eager, fragmentary talk of the collegians indicates better than hat-band or streamer their hopes and fears. “Brown is sure to win to-day,” exclaims one, who thus shows his desire. Judge Rice is certain that Harvard is ahead, the wish being father of the opinion, and remarks it is too bad the crew lost his services by sickness. “That must be Reed in that leading boat,” says another anxious Harvard man. “It is Reed,” somebody shouts, and Harvard stock bounds up like gold in war times. “Brown is second,” mildly asserts a near-sighted man from Providence. “Is not Amherst ahead?” somebody queries, upsetting the cup of joy which has just touched Harvard lips. “By jingo! it is Amherst, as sure as you’re born!” yells the short, bright-eyed, auburn-haired Commodore of the Amherst Rowing Club, as he begins to recognize the six men whom he selected for the contest. The crews come nearer and nearer. It is plain that Amherst is winning. The Commodore catches the gleam of Leonard’s spectacles, and jumping up and down in the sand, perfectly wild he yells to Leonard, “Sock it to her, Georgie!” “Sock it to her, Georgie!” But Georgie does not need the encouragement, for he and his crew



score 42 strokes per minute, and seem as fresh as Dexter is at the end of a half mile. The Harvard thermometer falls several degrees below zero, though one little fellow ventures to assert that it will be "a sickener for Brown with Harvard six lengths ahead." And so, while the eager multitude all stare in one direction, from bridge, bank and beach, while the college men indicate their university by the joy or sorrow depicted on their faces, and just as the sun is setting, the great University Race of 1871, is ended, Amherst winning the coveted prize, and Harvard winning the second place of honor.

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## ROWING AT INGLESIDE.

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Fine Day and Good Weather for the University Races.

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Astonishing Result of the Contest of the College Crews.

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**THE RACE WON BY THE MASSACHUSETTS FARMERS.**

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**SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE OTHER EVENTS OF THE DAY.**

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*Special Dispatch to the New York Times.*

INGLESIDE, NEAR HOLYOKE, MASS., July 21.

Thousands of people witnessed the closing race of regatta week here to-day, and I venture the assertion, without fear of contradiction, that every one of them was astonished at the result of the last



of all—the University race. The farmer boys won it—the crew of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, who were considered bold, very bold indeed, when they entered to row this season against the trained and scientific Harvards and Browns. They won it, too, in a most brilliant and gallant manner. They made the astounding time of 17:47½, the second best time ever made by a college crew, and they passed the stake-boat as the Harvards were struggling full fourteen lengths behind, and the Browns twenty to twenty-one. The excitement to-night is intense, and the stock of the modest Agriculturists is high in the scale.

The Amherst Farmers are a fine set of men, and their trainer, JOSH WARD, is justly proud of them.

The crew have practiced but ten days under WARD, and their boating knowledge has been gained in an old boat, but they seem to be possessed of a good deal of it. Their boat is that which the Amherst College crew had last year at Worcester. It is 50 feet long by 19 inches wide. WARD says the time was so short that he concluded not to put the boys on severe training. So he has given them coarse food and a plenty of advice. “Let me have ten days longer,” says WARD, “and I’ll make a crack crew of my boys.”

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[EXTRACTS FROM THE TURF, FIELD AND FARM.]

### SHIRTS AND DUFFERS.

Josh Ward, being interviewed by a reporter for information in regard to the crew he was then training, said, in reply to the question whether they would also row shirtless? “No, Sir! (very emphatically) no crew that I train can row without shirts; I think it a shame to chance offending the modesty of the ladies. I never rowed a race with a man in my life but I beat him if he had no shirt on; and I got so used to it that, when a man did draw in line with me, his person exposed, I always considered him beaten before we started.”

Josh Ward, who trained the Agricultural crew so successfully, had to take many a joke on their account. The “would-be-smart” little snobs that congregated here, and were so lavish in the display



of their magenta and other colors, would get at Josh in the morning, and address him thus: "Well! have your duffers come down from the hay-mow yet?" or, "Have your farmers got the hay-seed out of their eyes?" Josh only smiled; but the result showed plainly what he thought. Oh! how the magenta disappeared after that race.

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[EXTRACTS FROM SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.]

### WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE REGATTA.

The "Amherst Farmers" receive unstinted praise for their brilliant victory on Friday. The *New York Times* tells how they won it: "The rowing of the Amhersts was by no means scientific. It was simply a strong pull and a long pull. As one of the Brown men expressed it, 'they pulled all over the boat, but they pulled like death;' and a Harvard man said, 'It was a fearful stroke, but they made the old boat hum.' It seemed as if they raised their boat clean out of the water every time they pulled. After the cheers, they turned around and backed to their house, where they were received almost literally into the big, clumsy arms of old Josh Ward, who was as pleased over their victory as if he had won it himself."

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### ANOTHER PLUME FOR THE "AMHERST FARMERS."

AN ERROR OF ONE MINUTE DISCOVERED IN THE TIME OF THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE—AMHERST'S TIME THE FASTEST EVER MADE.

It was considered a severe strain on the propriety of things that the crew of the Amherst Agricultural College should defeat both Harvard and Brown in the recent University race at Ingleside; but a discovery has now been made which renders the brilliant victory of the "Aggys" still more extraordinary and surprising. They not only defeated the old University crews, but the time-keepers now



show that they made in so doing *the fastest time on record*. There was, it seems, an error of just one minute in the time as announced on the day of the race, which, being deducted, gives the Amherst Agricultural crew the absolutely unprecedented time of 16 minutes, 46½ seconds. The error was discovered yesterday, through the merest accident, by Mr. L. J. Powers, of this city, President of the Springfield club, and one of the time-keepers. He had preserved the original piece of paper on which the memorandum of the time was made on the day of the race, and, coming upon it as he was looking over his pocket book, he ran his eye over the figures, and, to his amazement, discovered the mistake—simply an error of subtraction. We give a copy of the memorandum, so that any one may see how it happened :—

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Harvard,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7.23
Brown,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7.23.19
Amherst,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7.22.18
Time of starting,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7.05.31½
										<hr/>
Time of race,										17.46½

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The “7.05. 31½” was the time given by the time-keeper at the upper stake-boat, and it was placed below the time of the arrival of the Amherst crew at the lower boat, to be subtracted therefrom. In subtracting the seconds, it was necessary, of course, to “borrow” one minute from the minute column, but, when the subtraction from the minute column took place, the borrowing was forgotten, and “17” was written down instead of “16,” as should have been done. So much as to the way the error occurred. The other circumstances in the case are thus officially and explicitly stated by the time-keepers themselves :—

To whom it may concern :—The undersigned, time-keepers for the university six-oared three-mile race, rowed on the Ingleside course, on the 21st inst., under the auspices of the Rowing Association of American colleges, having ascertained that the time announced for that race was erroneous, publish the following statement as an act of justice, not only to the winning crew, but to all the contestants in the race : Two stop-watches were used to ascertain the time, and were placed precisely together as to hour, minute,



second, and quarter-second. In order to prevent the possibility of mistake, Mr. T. C. Parsons, Jr., of Holyoke, the Harvard judge, carried a watch which was timed precisely with the other two, and he, with the time-keeper at the upper stake-boat, noted the moment when the word "go" was given, and afterwards confirmed the time-keeper's statement that the hour was 7 o'clock, 5 minutes,  $31\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. At the lower stake-boat, the time-keeper was assisted by Mr. H. S. Hyde of this city, who confirms his declaration that the Amherst Agricultural crew crossed the line at 7 o'clock, 22 minutes, 18 seconds; that the Harvard University crew crossed the line at 7 o'clock, 23 minutes; and that the Brown University crew crossed the line at 7 o'clock, 23 minutes and 19 seconds. On comparison after the race, the three watches were found to agree perfectly.

The mistake in announcing the time of the winning crew as 17 minutes,  $46\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, was caused by an error in subtraction, as the original memorandum in our possession conclusively shows; and the time of the Harvard and Brown crews, being computed therefrom, was likewise declared to be one minute slower than it actually was.

We therefore declare and place on record our firm belief and conviction that the time of the three contesting crews in the race above referred to was as follows: Amherst Agricultural College crew, sixteen minutes, forty-six and one-half seconds; Harvard University crew, seventeen minutes, twenty-eight and one-half seconds; Brown University crew, seventeen minutes, forty-seven and one-half seconds.

L. J. POWERS, time-keeper, lower stake-boat.

CHARLES A. NICHOLS, time-keeper, upper stake-boat.

This statement will doubtless be received with incredulity, on the general ground that it is impossible to row a three-mile, six-oared race in the time here recorded—16 minutes,  $46\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. But the remarkably favorable conditions under which the race of Friday was rowed should not be forgotten. The water was as smooth as glass; the race was pulled with the current; and there was no stake to turn. Besides, the Amherst boys pulled like grim death, causing their boat to shoot through the water at a velocity which seemed to all who saw it utterly unexampled. Then the question arises, if Harvard can pull three miles and turn a stake-boat in 17.48  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Yale can do likewise in 17.42  $\frac{1}{2}$ —both which



achievements are matters of record—cannot the stalwart Amherst crew pull three miles without a turn, and with every condition eminently favorable, in a minute less? The time-keepers believe that it is not only possible, but that it is an accomplished fact.

These official figures place the time of the Agricultural crew ahead of any other ever made and gives them a glory such as no one would have thought possible to before the race. After the time-keepers had discovered their error it would have been manifestly unjust to the Amherst boys, as well as to the other crews, for them to conceal the facts, and we honor them for their frank and ingenuous statement. Of course, they have no interest in the matter, except that the facts shall be shown precisely as they exist. To the people of Springfield and vicinity, who are acquainted with Messrs Powers and Nichols, they need no indorsement, but, as this matter is going where they may not be so well known, it may not be amiss to say that Mr. Powers is at the head of the Powers paper company, one of our principal wholesale houses, and is also President of the Springfield club; and that Mr. Nichols is a member of the extensive book-publishing firm of Bill, Nichols & Co. Mr. H. S. Hyde, whose name has also been mentioned, is treasurer of the Wason manufacturing company and president of the Agawam national bank. All three are gentlemen whose integrity and trustworthiness cannot be questioned, and any statement to which they affix their signatures is entitled to respectful consideration and ample credence.

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### THE WINNING CREW IN THE COLLEGE BOAT RACE.

The interest in the late college regatta near this city, very great before on account of the unexpected victory of the Agricultural College crew, is redoubled by the announcement that their time was one minute better than at first reported, and the fastest time ever recorded. There is not a "disagreement" among the time-keepers, as the *Tribune* rather pettishly asserts, nor is there any "quarrel," like that over the time of Yale's '65 crew. The time-keepers are agreed perfectly. They say there was a mistake in the computation to find the time, and they manfully acknowledge their mistake in order that the winning crew should have the credit of the time they really made, 16 minutes, 46½ seconds, instead of 17.46½. It is un-



fortunate that the mistake should have been made in the first place, but it was natural enough in the hurry and astonishment attending the close of the race, and having been made, the only reparation possible is to correct it as soon as may be, and this has been done.

It has been quite the fashion since the race to say that the winning crew won by mere strength, that it was a triumph of brute force over science. Granted that Harvard College has a monopoly of the "science" of rowing, perhaps this is true, for the Amherst crew did not pull exactly like that from Cambridge. But the Agricultural College boys clearly had science enough for all practical purposes, and we advise students of the noble art of rowing to take lessons on the Connecticut rather than on the Charles in future. The truth is, the Amherst crew had brains as well as muscle. This was proved by the magnificent way they won the race, and it is affirmed in the following statement of the standing of the crew in the college, which we have obtained from President Clark, together with a statement of the home training and antecedents of each member :—

Frederick Cornelius Eldred, Stroke, was born at Sandwich, Mass., January 7, 1849. The son of a farmer, brought up on a farm, but always enjoyed opportunities for boating. He earned by labor on the college farm, during the year ending April 19, 1871, the sum of \$221.32, besides doing 78 hours' work without pay, and training in the crew which won the first prize at the college regatta at Hatfield, November 5, 1870. He also performed all college duties, including surveying with field practice, so faithfully, that his rank in surveying was 99, and his average for the year was 82 on the scale of 100. The average rank of the college valedictorian this year was 84.

Alfred Dickinson Norcross was born at Monson, November 7, 1848. The son of a farmer, and brought up on a farm. Knew nothing of boating till this summer. Average rank for the four years, 72. He now returns to the farm.

George Leonard, Captain, was born at Springfield, December 5, 1849. He had been an invalid for two years before coming to the College, much of the time confined to his bed. He was not able to study enough to rank well—average, 55. A remarkable instance of what can be accomplished by a judicious union of physical and mental culture, with plain food and freedom from the excitements of town life. He trained in the winning crew last fall, and intends to be a farmer.



Gideon Hammond Allen was born at Marion, December 12, 1848. The son of a farmer, and educated at home to hard work. Enjoyed boating facilities as a boy to some extent. Trained in the winning crew last fall. Would be a farmer if he had a farm, or would act as foreman on a farm. Average rank for four years, 74.

Frederick Maxwell Somers, was born at Portland, Me., October 1, 1850. He is educating himself, and enjoys a scholarship from the Massachusetts Society for promoting agriculture. Rank last term, 82. No boating till last fall.

Henry Bell Simpson, was born at Hudson, N. Y., April 29, 1852. His father was educated a farmer in Ashfield, Mass. Present occupation unknown. He knew little of boating till last fall, as he came to college at sixteen years of age. Rank 72.

This is a record of training and standing, of which the members of the winning crew and the college with which they are connected, have a right to be proud. It shows that "the farmers" have brains as well as muscles, and that they are likely to make their mark somewhere else than in a boat race. It also testifies that life on a farm in youth is particularly adapted to produce the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and that the Agricultural College course, with its manual labor, military drill, and field work in engineering, etc., as well as its quiet yet industrious student life, more than the course at any of our other colleges, develops the whole man, imparts vigor, self-reliance and courage. The victory of its crew in the late regatta was indeed a "big thing" for the Agricultural College, and in more respects than one.

What Dr. Holmes will say to such a victory by men not of "the Brahmin class," we do not know; nor how those people will reconcile their theories with facts, who, when Harvard was winning all the races with Yale, used to say so oracularly, as the *Hartford Courant* reminds us, that "there was a great deal in blood, a great deal in breeding, and the insinuation was that while Yale could show very good limbs and sinews and backs that one might approve, she somewhere lacked a kind of culture (nobody thought then that it was agriculture she lacked), for want of which she must be inevitably beaten. You see, blood will tell, said the sagacious theorists, and the college that has the most culture, that puts the most brain power into the strokes is bound to win." But it is the business of the people who get up these theories to take care of them, not ours. It



is noticeable that they are remarkably silent just now. Perhaps they are revising their opinions, or waiting for other races in future years, to prove that the result of the contest, this year, was an accident. We are quite willing to wait with them. We are sure the Agricultural College crew will be on hand at future regattas, and will win their fair share of honors. This year, before the race, the "Aggys" were the subjects of a good deal of raillery, and had any quantity of pet names applied to them, all of which they bore with such gentlemanly good nature as to make them general favorites. Hereafter they will have plenty of respect as well as good will, even from the young men who affect magenta neckties at regattas, and languidly express applause by saying "'rah, 'rah."

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[MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.]

AMHERST VICTORIOUS.—There was an almost universal burst of gratitude over the unexpected triumph of the Amherst Agricultural boys at the Ingleside Regatta. Not that the people had the least spite against either the Harvards or Browns, but it was a supreme pleasure to have some one snatch the prize who was not reckoned to be within hailing distance of it. Especially was it a satisfaction to all who took the least interest in the Agricultural College. The result showed distinctly that the boys of that institution are made of sound and true stuff. And it brings the College out prominently into the popular eye, too. President Clark is said to have become as excited over the event as any of them, and he may well feel proud of the final achievement.

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[EDITORIAL FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.]

### THE FARMERS TO THE FORE.

At the tournament the interest is always with the unknown knight, who rides in late, unannounced, attended by a single squire (Josh Ward, for instance), with visor down, and coolly defies the



challengers in a body to mortal combat. Especially is this true when the spectators, the majority of whom are Saxon, have become restless under the insolence of their Norman conquerors, against whom no Saxon champion of equal metal appears, and who make the lists ring with their disagreeable Norman-French war-cry of "'Rah, 'rah." When, then, the Unknown, at the critical pause, appears at the end of the list, sounding his solitary trumpet, and, advancing, strikes with the sharp end of his spear the shield of the contemptuous Brian de Bois-Guilbert, indicating that the contest is to be at *outrance*, the astonishment is extreme at his hardihood, but the whole Saxon assembly put up prayers for their champion, and hope, against hope, that the domineering Norman will get some of the "'rah" taken out of him. "Have you confessed yourself, brother," says the Knight of Harvard, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?" "I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answers the Farmer of Amherst, for thus has the stranger recorded himself upon the books of the tourney. "Then take your place in the lists," says Bois-Guilbert of Harvard, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise." "Gramercy for thy courtesy," replies the Farmer; and they "go for each other" (in the language of chivalry). The world knows that Bois-Guilbert went down in the encounter, horse and man rolling in the dust together, amid the acclamations of the spectators, and that the comb of the Harvard Knight was so cut that he couldn't cry "'rah" for a month; that he shut himself in his chamber, refusing to eat all vegetables, and that he threw an attendant out of the fourth-story window of his donjon for daring to use the word "agricultural" in his presence.

History repeats itself. The Normans of Cambridge, who instituted the regatta at Ingleside, were regardless of the Saxon churls of the interior. Wherever danger might come from, it was not to be apprehended from the farmer crew of the Agricultural College at Amherst. Well-meaning fellows, these Saxons; broad-shouldered, well-muscled, but no style, no training, no azure blood. Good material, if they only knew how to row! It was a queer idea, any way, that an agricultural institution should send out a crew to compete with the classic chivalry of the wave. And the fact was that the Farmers of Amherst were day-laborers, so to speak, on the College farm. They had no water for practice nearer than three miles, at which distance they found the Connecticut; and thither they



walked daily, three miles through the hot sun, to take their training at the oars, coming home on the double-quick, after the row was over. And these are the farmers who have beaten the splendid crew of the champion University, in a straight pull of three miles, by 43 seconds! There might not have been much chivalry about it, but it was a good square beat, farmer-fashion, with no preliminary boasting and no airs. Brian de Bois-Guilbert fought well, as he always does, but the crowd rejoiced in his downfall, as if a conceited Templar had received a needed lesson.

The rowing of the Amherst farmers (for the crew was wholly from the Agricultural College, which has no connection with Amherst College proper) had a quality in it that did not seem to have been put there by a few weeks of training and dieting; it was genuine muscle, consolidated by steady labor,—muscle of the hard, enduring sort, that will not go away when the effect of the temporary training has ceased. It was a stout crew, made healthy by out-door labor, which only needed to know how to use its strength to send a boat over the water at a fearful pace. Boating men in other colleges will be likely to take notice of this new element. We do not know what time this farmer crew might have made if it had been pushed. It is certain that they will be considered dangerous antagonists in the future, against whom it will not do to pit mere training and skill. The Brahmins will be a little shy of the knight who rides into the list with a wisp of hay as his shield, and the motto, "*Agricola, cave,*" and may possibly remember the proverb, "*fœnum habet in cornu.*"

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[EDITORIAL FROM THE AMHERST RECORD.]

## MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

The happiest man in town on Saturday was President Clark, who has been from the start perfectly sanguine of the success of his boys. Amherst people universally rejoiced that the students of her favorite college had done something to let the world know there was such an institution as the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and that she did not propose to *follow*, but to *lead*.



[EDITORIAL FROM THE BOSTON POST.]

## AMHERST TO THE FORE.

Who would have thought that that handful of hearty lads up among the hills of the interior, challenged to a tug at the oar by the same Harvard that pluckily crossed the Atlantic to contest for the bays with the Oxfords of England, would have put the six cups in their pockets the very first time! They must have been as much surprised at their achievement as Harvard itself. In the pools Amherst held such a modest place; there was a pile of money for those who knew just enough about it to believe more; and the bright eyes of beauty shone for Harvard and Brown alone, but between the prize-cup and the lip there was a small slip; and the boys with the berry-brown faces, in whose tough young muscles the yellow corn bread had entered as a saving element, whose nerves had never been sapped or shaken, and whose good red blood coursed through healthy channels from the heart to the extremities, pulled right away from their proud contestants and shot ahead to victory as if there was no place for them anywhere else. Old Connecticut River never heard such cheering before from its enameled banks. The excited company of ladies and gentlemen that lined the shores for two or more miles enlivened a scene that description but faintly conveys to the mind. The dense summer foliage; the green turf; the sparkling river; the gay dresses of the ladies; the crews in their animated shells; the calls of excited friends and partisans; the shouts of the betting ones; the cheers; the rush this way and that, and the indescribable influence of the early evening hour; they are the separate features of a picture by the placid Connecticut that was worth taking much trouble to witness and enjoy.

The older crews performed well, and that is why the unexpected pulling of the Agricultural lads merits so much the more admiration. They were evidently in for serious work and no play. President Clark expressed their spirit exactly, when he exclaimed in his excitement "that he would rather they should 'flunk' on the stage than lose the race." Neither Harvard nor Brown have any unpleasant memories to cherish. It was they who pushed Amherst up to the triumph, and with the final result their own stout performance had much to do. But a feeling of pleasure nevertheless will break out everywhere at the victory of the country lads. Nobody, unless



it was sly Josh Ward, expected such a thing. They have vindicated the old farm's reputation, and taught anew the lesson of simple fare, natural hours, sound constitutions and free airs from all quarters of the sky. The ruddy fellows deserve to have their ribbons worn on the breast of every fresh and healthy girl in the land. The home lads prove the lads to wear, after all, whether it is the plow or oar they take in their hands. 'Rah! 'Rah!

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[EDITORIAL FROM THE BOSTON HERALD.]

### THE BRAHMINS' DEFEAT.

The result of the College race at Ingleside, yesterday, is rather destructive to Dr. Holmes' favorite theory, that the Brahmin blood and city living are bound to win when pitted against country bone and muscle. The country bumpkins "cleaned out" the Brahmins yesterday very handsomely, making the best time on record. Dr. Holmes has an idea that a city boy about five feet high, weight one hundred and eleven pounds, more or less, if he happen to have the blue blood in his veins, can "lick" the country rustic of six feet in a twinkling; but you know how it is yourself.

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[EDITORIAL FROM HARTFORD COURANT.]

### THE AMHERST FARMERS.

The Amherst farmers have beaten the Harvard boys, who are in a sense amphibious animals, having their home by the sea, and coming to believe by a long series of victories that they are the masters of the sea as well as of all fresh water ponds. The land lubbers (the term is technical and not insulting) have rowed the sea dogs out of the water. Or, to put it in another way, culture and breeding have gone down before muscle and practice. Of course it is ridiculous that these farmers at a college of agriculture, who are not within three miles of water enough to swim in, should come out as tip-top aquatic performers, and carry off flags, cups and honors from the traditionary rulers of the oar, who had only condescended to come into the country to make a holiday for the bar-



barians. These Amherst farmers who till the soil at their college, and know a rakestale from an oar at a glance, trained under great disadvantages. Three miles over a sunny road they must walk to the Connecticut to reach their boat; and after a pull under the trainer, trot three miles home to their rural repose. They acquired their familiarity with the water by the hardest labor; and certainly had no opportunity of taking to it like ducks. Yet they rowed like Vikings when the trial came, and not at all in the agricultural manner; and when they came in victors, there wasn't a spectator present who could discover any hay seed in their hair.

We used to hear the theory elaborated a few years ago, when Harvard was beating Yale in race after race, that the victory in rowing was due quite as much to brain as to muscle. We were told that there was a great deal in blood, a great deal in breeding, and the insinuation was that while Yale could show very good limbs, and sinews and backs that one might approve, she somewhere lacked a culture (nobody thought then that it was agriculture she lacked,) for want of which she must be inevitably beaten. You see, blood will tell, said the sagacious theorists, and the college that has the most culture, that puts the most brain power into the stroke, is bound to win. But Harvard went on winning, and there was no way to disprove the theory. If the theory had been that parting the hair in the middle was the indispensable element of victory, there would have been no way to disprove that, so long as Harvard continued to carry off the colors.

But what shall we say now? Here come the Farmers, about whose culture we have heard nothing, whose blood is very likely red, who may not part their hair at all, who may never even have seen the Charles nor the Back Bay, and row right away from a boat full of Harvard brains. It is an audacious and revolutionary piece of business, and makes necessary a reconstruction of a good many theories. On what meat have these Amherst Cæsars fed, that they have grown so strong? We had come to believe in a sort of traditional ability to row, transmitted in a university, as it seemed to be for years in Oxford; and as it also seemed to be in Harvard, except when Harvard met the longer line of transmitted power of Oxford on the Thames and yielded to trained antiquity. But here are the Amherst farmers, right out of the hayfield, without any rowing ancestors or any traditions of glory with the oar, who pull like sons



of Neptune, and exhibited an endurance and a tenacity that we fondly believed belonged to birth..

What the other colleges will do about it, we are at a loss to guess. Perhaps they will petition for the addition of an agricultural department. They may begin to have more respect for the muscle developed in the field labor than for that got up in the gymnasium. At least, they will come to the conclusion that the winner among colleges next year will have to get up his muscle solid and healthy from the foundation. For it is evident that these Amherst fellows, who have no nonsense about them, mean business.

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## RACING RULES

OF THE

# NATIONAL COLLEGE ROWING ASSOCIATION,

*ADOPTED JUNE 3, 1871.*

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I. All races shall be started in the following manner: The starter shall ask the question, "Are you ready?" and receiving no reply after waiting at least five seconds, shall give the signal to start, which shall be the word "Go!"

II. If the starter considers the start unfair he shall at once recall the boats to their stations, and any boat refusing to start again shall be ruled out of the race.

III. A start shall be considered unfair if during the first ten (10) strokes any of the competing boats shall be disabled by the breaking of an oar, or any other accident.



IV. No fouling whatever shall be allowed.

V. It is the province of the referee when appealed to, but not before, to decide a foul, and the boat decided by him to have fouled shall be ruled out of the race.

VI. In case of a foul, the referee, if appealed to during the race, shall direct the non-fouling boat to row on, which shall, in every case, row over the remainder of the course in order to claim the race.

VII. It shall be considered a foul when after a race has commenced any competitor by his oar, boat or person, comes in contact with the oar, boat or person of another competitor ; and nothing else shall be considered a foul.

VIII. Any competitor who comes into contact with another competitor, as defined in Rule VI., by crossing into his competitor's water, commits a foul ; but when a boat has once fairly taken another boat's water by a clear lead, it has a right to keep the water so taken.

IX. A boat shall be decided to have a clear lead of another boat when its stern is clearly past the bow of the other boat.

X. It shall be held that a boat's own water is the straight or true course from the station assigned to it at starting ; but if two boats are racing, and one fairly takes the other's water by a clear lead, it shall be entitled to keep the water so taken to the end of the course ; and if the two boats afterwards come into contact while the leading boat remains in the water so taken, the boat whose water has been so taken shall be deemed to have committed the foul ; but if they come into contact by the leading boat departing from the water so taken, the leading boat shall be deemed to have committed a foul.

XI. The referee shall be sole judge of a boat's straight or true course during every part of the race.

XII. If any race in which more than two boats start a foul takes place, and the boat adjudged by the referee to have been fouled reaches the winning post first, the race shall be decided as the boats come in ; but if the boat fouled does not come in first, or if the referee is unable to decide which boat has committed the foul, the race shall be rowed over again, unless the referee shall decide that



the boat which came in first had a sufficient lead at the moment of the foul to warrant its having the race assigned to it.

XIII. A claim of foul (which must be tendered by the captain of the crew considering itself fouled, and not by any one on his behalf,) must be made to the referee previously to the crew fouled getting out of the boat.

XIV. Every boat shall stand by its own accidents occurring during the race.

XV. In the event of a dead heat taking place, the same crews shall contend again, or the crew or crews refusing shall be adjudged to have lost the race.

XVI. No boat shall be allowed to accompany a competing boat for the purpose of directing its course or affording other assistance; and the referee shall be at liberty to declare any competing boat out of the race that may have derived an unfair advantage thereby.

XVII. No race shall be awarded to any competitor or crew unless he or they shall have rowed over the whole of the course.

XVIII. The decision of the referee shall, in all cases, be final.